

WOMEN AND THEIR BRAINS

But Nobody Seems to Have Found It. Out Until the Sex Began Organizing Their Clubs.

A PERIOD OF GREAT PROGRESS. The New Form of Social and Mental-Itage to the Homes.

CRADLE AND KITCHEN BETTER OFF. The Country New Births of 150 Clubs and Pittsburgh Stands Well Up Front.

Until within the last 25 years a "Woman's Club" was unknown in this country. Women had their "Dorcas" and missionary societies, their benevolent and charitable associations and prayer meetings. At this time they were content with other ideas, a man had to be hunted up to preside. For a woman to take the chair at a religious meeting, or to lead in prayer, would have been an untolerable breach of the proprieties. Many will remember how—not many years ago—in the Third Church, Miss Smiley, the noted Bible reader, was not permitted to stand upon the platform of the chapel for fear of its being construed as stepping upon orthodox toes, or sticking a pin into the prejudices of good Presbyterians. Many, too, will remember the Dr. Seer trial, which tore up the whole Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey and so profoundly shocked and agitated the General Assembly, because Dr. Seer allowed two ladies to speak from his pulpit upon the subject of temperance.

It will recall the picture as presented on the occasion of this famous trial—of Dr. Craven pounding the cushions and shaking his fists, as he pronounced the remarks of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Robinson from the pulpit of Dr. Seer as an "infidelity in the sight of Jehovah," and with what fiery eloquence he said that the handkerchiefs on the heads of the peasant women who were kneeling in prayer, were in fact sitting before him, were worn in token of the subordination of women. It will be remembered, too, that Rev. Dr. Cox, of Clifton Springs, a few years ago, refused to administer the sacrament to some of the patients without bonnets on their heads, and that June G. Swisshelm always removed her bonnet in church in token that she refused acceptance of the patriarchal rule.

Wearing Bonnets in Church. But while women still wear their bonnets in church, it is, in these days, very much more as a measure of convenience than as a token of subordination. If they choose to take them off, he would be a bishop or a rash clergyman who should demand they put them on again, as any such token. Fashion would be much more powerful than any dogma or creed upon such matters as these, and the fashion of the day is to wear no bonnets, or at least, if they are worn, they are worn in token of the subordination of women. It will be remembered, too, that Rev. Dr. Cox, of Clifton Springs, a few years ago, refused to administer the sacrament to some of the patients without bonnets on their heads, and that June G. Swisshelm always removed her bonnet in church in token that she refused acceptance of the patriarchal rule.

These women's clubs give to women an interest in society, an intelligent comprehension of affairs of state, an insight into science which leads to a better education of children, to improved housekeeping, and to better judgment in the organization and maintenance of benevolent enterprises and charities in which so many now take so much a part. They are the means by which the women of the country are engaged in church work, in kindergartens and working-girls guilds, in sisterhoods and missionary societies, in the management of hospitals, in excursions for the protection and education of the Indians, in temperance unions, in missionary societies and all manner of philanthropic enterprises, and in the many other ways in which they are bettering the world.

What Clubs Do for Women. These women's clubs give to women an interest in society, an intelligent comprehension of affairs of state, an insight into science which leads to a better education of children, to improved housekeeping, and to better judgment in the organization and maintenance of benevolent enterprises and charities in which so many now take so much a part. They are the means by which the women of the country are engaged in church work, in kindergartens and working-girls guilds, in sisterhoods and missionary societies, in the management of hospitals, in excursions for the protection and education of the Indians, in temperance unions, in missionary societies and all manner of philanthropic enterprises, and in the many other ways in which they are bettering the world.

Men Do Not Admire Ignorant Bigots. Determined, however, as men held to the "ignorant bigot" as the ideal wife, they did not enjoy her society. They left her at home to dig and delve while they found their own pleasures in the world. Women were their equals in knowledge. Women were shut out of the conventions, the clubs, the anniversary dinners where men aired their wit and displayed their eloquence. If there were any "ignorant bigots" among the men, they were the men who were the cause of the separation of men and women from their pleasures and the supplementing of each other, it rests wholly with the beloved brethren.

The new club movement among women is a force in modern progress that has scarcely been realized as yet. Not a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first woman's club was organized in this country. Yet the intelligence, the development of talent, the increase in knowledge and moral power are without a parallel in the history of the world. The women of the world are no longer the "ignorant bigots" of the past. They are the equals of men in every way. They are the equals of men in knowledge, in intelligence, in the development of talent, in the increase in knowledge and moral power are without a parallel in the history of the world.

Grave Mistakes in Charity. A very good Christian woman said one day that she never had the heart to turn a woman into a beggar. As a general thing, there was hardly a night in the year that her barn was free from tramps. If this good lady had possessed the knowledge of the political economy or had even her brains fairly played rather than her prejudices, she would have known she was doing harm rather than good. She would have realized that it is better to support a set of tramps, and perhaps wholly destroyed by such mistaken charity. Much of the poverty and misery of today is produced—not by misfortune or visitation of God—but altogether by the charity of the misjudging of the good people in days gone by. This will seem hard teaching to the sentimental, but it is the teaching of the facts—a lesson which a vast number of women greatly need to learn, and are learning, in their clubs.

Just as Though It Were Cash. How I have discovered another proof of the fact that time is money. Goffer—Well? Hilow—W frequently spend the day. An Instance of It. Mrs. McCorkle (showing her new house).—When we came to look at this lot I fell in love with it as soon as I saw it. Mrs. McCorkle: "I love it, a case of love at first sight, I perceive."

Woman's Clubs were given to women the idea was accepted that when the girl quit school she was done with study and had better get married and settle down. This settling down meant that she was to bury her talents in the kitchen, another her ambition was to get married and settle down. This settling down meant that she was to bury her talents in the kitchen, another her ambition was to get married and settle down.

Her education fitted her for nothing in the way of making a living, save by marriage, and her education was a failure. The world became a "land of despair." In the days of the grandmothers for a woman to read was considered a waste of time. It was considered with the proprieties of the world to be a "girl of despair." In the days of the grandmothers for a woman to read was considered a waste of time.

The President of a few West woman's club gave a little of her experience at a meeting. She said: "I do my own work because I can get no help, and have six little children. I am a mother of six children, and I do more good than anything else. It brightens, refreshes and makes me cheerful. When I come home I talk to the children and tell them all about the club and its doings." The usefulness of woman's clubs is not alone to their members, but to the community, is not hard to demonstrate. The investigation and discussion of moral and social conditions, the study of the politics, social conditions, literature, science and art of countries, all go to form an educational influence of an immense value.

In the Confederation of Women's Clubs there are now represented 150 clubs. Some of these contain as many as 500 members—notably in Chicago and San Francisco. These constitute an army of intelligent thinking women. Among these clubs the Pittsburgh Woman's Club is one of the oldest and is second to none, save in numbers. A history of the club will form an interesting chapter in the record of the women of Pittsburgh in days to come.

She Asked for Information. Detroit Free Press. The play was one-third over and he was chewing a cardamom seed as the curtain went up on the second act. "George," she whispered, softly. "Yes, darling?" he answered, questioningly. "George," she murmured, "why do they put cardamom seed in whisky and other spirituous and malt liquors?"

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THE TABLE, THE CHAIR AND THE DECORATIONS

A GIRL'S SLEEPING ROOM. How the Home Instinct First Makes Itself Felt—Simplicity and Distinctness the First Requisites—Hints for the Arrangement—Divans, Chairs and Trifles.

When a girl is past her 15th milestone, when she first begins to assert herself as something more than a child, she often exhibits it first by falling into dissatisfaction with the little sleeping room in which she has slept since she left the nursery. She begins to beg for another room, which she may be told to furnish, or if that isn't possible, to have new things in her old room. The point she is apt to insist upon is that she wants things she has selected herself. She wants a chance to express her own individuality in her own way and to have a room that she can feel to be a part of herself.

It is the first budding of the home-making instinct in her, the instinct that by and by, when the time comes, will blossom out into the desire and the purpose of making her own home what a real home should be, "a little sunny spot of green in the great wilderness of the world."

And so she should be allowed to have her own room very much as she wants it. It may not be her mother's taste, but in her own little sleeping room the daughter should have the right to decide. The writer here sets down the advice she has to offer in just the same spirit of submission which she exhorts in the mother.

She Needs Air and Sunshine. The first desideratum for a sleeping room is that it should not be elaborate, but should be capable of being thoroughly winnowed each day with fresh air and sunshine. And a young girl's room more than anybody else's should be stuffy. Its key-note should be simplicity. It should be dainty and light and simple, with no look of conscious striving after effect, about it. The floor should neither be covered with matting or shellacked, or painted a delicate grey or buff or a dull red. No sleeping room should have a carpet, and every young girl should know enough in these enlightened days, about microbes and disease germs, to prefer bare floors. A few rugs here and there are best—a fur rug in the center of the room, for the bare feet to touch the first thing in the morning, a rug before the dressing table, and one or two in other places about the room. The carpet should be fitted in pale shades or papered with a small and indistinct pattern.

It isn't likely that there will be any choice about the bed. The white iron beds with brass mounting are so exactly the things for a young girl's room, in their simplicity of detail and lightness of effect, as to preclude almost any other choice. A good single bed with brass rail and knob can be bought for \$10 without mattresses. For the single bed, a single pillow is sufficient, and the prettiest covering in the world for such a bed is not of white, but of some dainty, figured fabric.

Around a Sunshiny Buff. Maid Marian has her little white and brass bed dressed with soft French cushions covered with cretonne is perhaps the simplest. A thick wadded comfortable placed directly upon the springs of the cot will answer admirably for a mattress. And an ordinary huck mattress can be bought for \$2 or \$3.

One lounging chair in which she can "cuddle" any girl must have. And a girl can't afford to do without a chair in which it is only big enough no matter if it hasn't a spring or an ounce of upholstery. A wide window chair is a good lounging chair, and cushions and a wide range of books should have the kind known among girls as a shoe-and-stocking chair, and one or two others beside; simple, all of these, and light in color and material.

Table for Lamp and Books. By the head of the bed there should be a little stand, just large enough to hold a candle or night lamp and glass of water, perhaps; and there should be a larger table for books and papers and the things that bear a room's worth. A desk, too, that can be Mahogany is rich, but its dark tone is not so much in keeping with the brightness of the room as oak or cherry.

Hostess's Dining Room. The genuine bears a vignette of St. George and the dragon with a minute note of hand, with directions for use on a bronze label. The genuine Stomach Bitters eradicates dyspepsia, liver complaint, biliousness and rheumatic troubles, malaria and a gripe.

Maid Marian's Dressing Table. All about, except at the upper end, with cotton ball-fringe whose colors repeated those of the sateen. This cover was wide enough to fall over the top of the drawers on both sides of the bed and long enough to be tucked under the lower edge of the pillow and brought over it, so as to make one covering answer for the whole bed. This sunny buff is admirable for a bedroom because it always makes one remember that the sun is shining somewhere even if it isn't in just that spot. But other colors are also very pretty. Cotton crepe in white and dull blue is exquisitely dainty, and the same fabric makes beautiful curtains also.

Maid Marian has a "feminine" dressing table in the quaint Louis XV. design. Vernis-Martin isn't always expensive. This special piece cost only \$25, and the dull green ground, with the group of fine Watteau ladies and gentlemen displayed upon it was very effective. Before it stood a light, low, bamboo dressing chair and a tiny foot stool, where the little maid knelt when she wanted to get an intense view of the top of her head.

How to Make a Dressing Table. Something almost as pretty as the Vernis-Martin can be made by any girl for herself at about one-fifth the cost of the first. The big box upholstered and padded with muslin has had its possibilities exploited many times. The girl who made this dressing table for herself began by buying an unpainted white pine table, with slender, well-turned legs. Next she got the center around the corner to have two small pine posts, or stanchions, turned for her, as near like the legs in pattern as was possible. These posts she screwed at the back of the table shelf in position to support the mirror which she had already bought and measured. Then she gave the whole table three coats of white enamel paint, with a light line of gold about the shelf and on the legs and posts. The mirror was low and wide, with a two-inch white frame, and to hang it with brass screws between the upright posts was an easy matter. When it was done and the big brush and fat-pinch cushion and all the little Dresden pieces were set about it, it was as pretty a dressing table as an easy matter.

There is nothing prettier for a young girl's dressing table than the white china toilet pieces, powdered with tiny flowers in the Dresden pattern. The trays for brushes and combs, powder boxes, manicure boxes, jewel boxes, cold cream boxes, pin boxes and ring tiers, and they seem to be—

Washstands are not so inviting for a display as ingeniously dressing tables, but they are necessary, and now that the light open stand is substituted for the cumbersome one of oak or painted pine, perfectly open below and just large enough to hold the toilet set, is what our girl should have. The toilet set should be of some light and daintily decorated ware. Some of the most inexpensive sets are decorated with tiny sprays in Dresden designs, or with dull pink or blue over patterns on a white or ivory ground.

The window draping is sure to be a source of pure delight to every girl whose sweet fortune it is to have windows to drape. They can be made so very pretty at so little cost. Whatever draperies are used should be light, so that plenty of sunshine may filter through them.

Minor Fittings of the Room. Of course there should be a divan or something on which a girl can throw herself for a few minutes rest, without disturbing her bed. Of making divans in these days of feminine household ingenuity, there is no end. A cot bed frame with a mattress covered with cretonne is perhaps the simplest. A thick wadded comfortable placed directly upon the springs of the cot will answer admirably for a mattress. And an ordinary huck mattress can be bought for \$2 or \$3.

One lounging chair in which she can "cuddle" any girl must have. And a girl can't afford to do without a chair in which it is only big enough no matter if it hasn't a spring or an ounce of upholstery. A wide window chair is a good lounging chair, and cushions and a wide range of books should have the kind known among girls as a shoe-and-stocking chair, and one or two others beside; simple, all of these, and light in color and material.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BOARD.

Sketches of the Two Women Who Represent Pennsylvania—Both Noted for Tireless Work for Sweet Charity's Sake—The Office Is Not a Sinecure.

The two women just now most prominent in the State of Pennsylvania are those representing us on the World's Fair Board. In the choice of Mrs. John Lucas, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mary E. McCandless, of Pittsburgh, for lady managers our National Commissioners, Hon. John Woodside and General William McClelland, have selected wisely and well. Other women, and many of them, this great State has reared who could do themselves, the commissioners and the cause much credit, but these two are the only ones who have had natural attainments and large experiments in public enterprises could not have been named.

Miss Mary McCandless is a native of this State, her distinguished family having been identified with Western Pennsylvania for fully a century. Her father was Judge Wilson McCandless, for many years Judge

of the United States District Court, appointed by President Buchanan. Her mother, who, prior to her marriage, was Miss Sarah Collins, belonged to a family of the daughters of which have been celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments, and is related to many prominent Philadelphians through descent from the same illustrious ancestor, the Rev. Elisha Spencer, D. D., of Trenton, N. J., a noted Presbyterian divine of colonial and revolutionary times.

Working in Two Capacities. While active in society, Miss McCandless has also taken an active part in the management of the most prominent benevolent institutions of this city, and in such capacity her judgment and rare executive ability. Besides her connection with the State Board, she was appointed by Governor Pattison a representative from Pennsylvania on the National Board of Lady Managers for the western part of our State on the World's Fair Board.

Some one has said the real woman is only discoverable at her own home. I have had the pleasure of knowing Miss McCandless in her home, every nook and corner, and above of which contains treasures of art and literature that warm the heart, thrill the soul and stimulate the mind of the beholder. Her home is a home abounding in rich, old-fashioned furniture, antique plate and historical china.

The Member From Philadelphia. The association of Mrs. John Lucas' name with the National Commission of the Lady Managers for the western part of our State on the World's Fair Board, is a recognition of the great work she has accomplished in the many charitable or public enterprises in which she has been identified continuously since the Centennial year. Prior to that time her heart and hands were full of care for her large family of sixteen children.

Mrs. Lucas is of English parentage, her father having been a native of Portsmouth, and her mother of Derbyshire, and having married early in life an English gentleman of the name of Lucas, who was a member of the early conservatory spirit which exists

of the World's Fair Board. The place of the lady managers is not one of restful posing, not a sinecure. The position is full of arduous care and great responsibility. It entails a long and arduous task, and it requires the strength of the incumbent to the limit of endurance. They are expected to understand the merits of each person's work on the auxiliary committees and exactly how it should be done.

They must be able to decide upon all matters that come up, and, of course, new and unthought-of matters without precedent growing out of the work. You readily see the thought and investigation required to meet these demands, and that exceptionally capable women are required to satisfactorily fill the place. It is not surprising, therefore, that such women as Mrs. Lucas and Miss McCandless are so highly appreciated by the public.

Helping Out the Memory. Women Need a Slate or Notebook for the Mind Can't Do It All. The fear lest she shall forget, is one of the terrors of any busy woman's life. It is precisely the forgotten thing that proves most disastrous. The mistake is that women exercise their memories such trustworthy service as they do, starting from the supposition that the memory ought to be as infinite in its capacity as space and as exact a table of logarithms. But the capacity of the memory is limited, and its capacity of the stomach. It knows, if its owner doesn't, that it can't hold everything, and so, sometimes it bolts, as any self-respecting memory ought to do, the things that are most important and apparently unimportant of things thrust upon it for keeping.

These are the occasions when Mrs. A. forgets Mrs. B.'s name, or doesn't even send cards, or when Mrs. B. forgets her appointment at the dentist's and has to pay for it just the same.

It is the wise woman who, after a few such occasions as these, goes to look for memory somewhere outside of her where she can depend upon it to give her some kind of notation, in short, to make pencil or ink a memorandum book do the work of memory, by relating to that precious capacity of the mind only such things as are worth remembering for their own sake, such as the argument in a new scientific work, or the criticism of a new painting. If there are odds either way, the slate is better than the book. A slate hanging in the kitchen upon which the cook or the mistress can jot down the household things to be done, or what she knows the needs them, simplifies wonderfully the ordering of groceries. A little slate hanging near the dressing table, on which all matters of a personal kind are down, is the same comfort to any woman.

How Ladies Can Make Money. There are so many ways a lady can make money and so few chances open to us, that I know all your lady readers will be interested in hearing of my success in plating watches, table-ware and jewelry. I make from \$10 to \$20 per week, and my customers are delighted at my work. It is surprising how easy a lady can take a plating machine and plate old knives, forks and spoons. This machine plates with either nickel, silver or gold and will generally plate any of these articles in a few minutes. I hope my experience will be as profitable to your lady readers as it has been to me. Anybody can get a plating machine by addressing H. E. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. The plater sells for \$5, or you can get circulars by addressing this firm.

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ENTERTAINING THE BOYS.

The Wife of the Pathfinder Writes on Literature for Young—Different Nations Demanded Different Stories—Incidents of the War of the Rebellion.

What did my boys like to read? That seems an easy question to answer, for at once I see again the limp books with their loosened covers which had made the boys' delight in their earliest day. There were not all the usual books of their age: "Mr. Heathcote," "Blunder the Good," and "Haroun al Raschid the Just Calif," are not a usual "Soldiers Three" in the same company. Yet they fitted together harmoniously as champions of the week, through the natural selection

Flags of our nation have been prepared from the national emblem, with the association into every republic on the continent, to the Senate and House at Washington and at Harrisburg, and to the textile and industrial schools of England and Scotland. Mrs. Lucas ranks the efforts of the Silk Culture Association as among the best attempts at "woman's work for women" believing the best way to assist people and preserve their self-respect is to treat their minds in such channels and instruct them in such manner as will enable them to help themselves.

With her colleague, Miss McCandless, Mrs. Lucas has attended the two meetings of the National Commission at Chicago, and at the last meeting she prides herself upon having succeeded in getting a majority vote from the National Committee of Women in favor of closing the Exposition on Sunday. To this effort Mrs. Lucas is sincerely and personally pledged; while her colleague more afraid of robbing the wage-earners of a privilege they might not otherwise enjoy, would be more in favor of a compromise by leaving the grounds open, but necessary and work suspended.

Women at Work Everywhere. The progress of work in Pennsylvania has now reached a position in which activity is the watchword. Every county in the State has its committees of competent women who are ready to furnish information on all subjects pertaining to the exhibition of woman's work at the World's Fair.

The lady managers are anxious to work up a thoroughly statistical report from the three channels in which woman are so actively though so silently engaged, and in which the medium taught is not always seen in the form of matter. Statistics of the work done in churches for missions, in Sabbath schools, in charitable efforts, statistics of the rest of hospitals, day nurseries, orphanages and all the various lines where woman labors to palliate the sorrows and relieve the distress of those who are in need of help. Also, in industrial lines where much of the handiwork passes to the world without the knowledge of what her hands have wrought.

Our lady managers believe the State of Pennsylvania in this work is well up in the

of one boy, while his elder brother held fast to "Robinson Crusoe." "The Krige Anchor," much from "Froissart's Chronicle," and knew, literally by heart, the "Ancient Mariner," and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship."

From 10 to 15 years of age these were inevitable to us, "sister," and myself—readers ordinary to their Majesties, the little boys. Beloved of them both were Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" and "The Arabian Nights." Lane's scholarly version admirably illustrated made this an attractive course of instruction in Oriental usages, climate, religion and geography, and my father had through its medium taught these to us in our childhood.

The Difference in Tastes. One boy loved the positive, and required results, direct thought and action combined, and motion. "Skip that," was his sure interruption to episodes of robbing with emotion; while the other boy was a born analyzer and realist. Dangers averted or overcome through mental force charmed one, whether it were the fox in Grimms' "Arabian Tales" or the Oriental subtleties of the "Arabian Nights," while the others saw first and most acceptable the resort to the mountain main, to avoid capture, and they an expert fencer in his sixth year while the other took kindly to boxing. Their books were naturally on these lines, even their games.

Circumstances had kept us much in remote places while they were very young and they could have no other children as associates, for only grown men were in our mountain mine, and we were learning of nature was open wide to them as our most beautiful and suggestive pages; and Master Knowledge interpreted these to the plastic young mind. We were learning to read in California for a definite stay (it was only interrupted by the war) Mr. Beecher thought it a pity to take the boys where there were no schools. I said to my mother, "I know it was a happy boy he had. But our Southern habits made these seem inseparable from boy life, and the old Puritan training "to ride, to shoot, to speak plain, to see their father's care, to be a soldier," I put in a mild infusion of the elementary "three R's," and on rainy days gave them unlimited reading aloud.

True Stories of the War. With the war opened a new life. On the long journey by way of the Isthmus the indispensable "Robinson Crusoe," "Haroun al Raschid" and "Hans Andersen" held the boys as captives. The "Arabian Nights" in the Gulf of Mexico were pursued by Admiral Semmes, for our steamer was a rich prize with its \$20,000 in California gold; the little boys felt the seriousness of the situation, and the boys were learning to read in California for a definite stay (it was only interrupted by the war) Mr. Beecher thought it a pity to take the boys where there were no schools. I said to my mother, "I know it was a happy boy he had. But our Southern habits made these seem inseparable from boy life, and the old Puritan training "to ride, to shoot, to speak plain, to see their father's care, to be a soldier," I put in a mild infusion of the elementary "three R's," and on rainy days gave them unlimited reading aloud.

Caring for a Wounded Son. We were soon in the midst of actual war and carried along on the stream of great events, while the sad undertone of hospitals and sorrowful women left, neither time nor thought for home, for we had a sick and a mine in the stable yard, and, stooping over to make sure the fuse was doing its work, caught the explosion in his face. He was brought in blinded and dazed, with skin and hair scorched off.

"His eyes" was the first shocked question of his father. On the staff was a young Puritan surgeon. He had been lying in the fainting chair, and now said, "Leave him to me, General; I think the eyes can be saved."

And they were saved. Not even weakness had ever followed, and eyebrows and lashes grew in beauty again, while not a trace of powder was left under the healthy new skin. After the first weeks of the surgeon's close care and tend to depend on nursing, and the same old stories were read by us with the same charm to him.

THE STICKS SHOULD BE SPLIT INTO 4-INCH LENGTHS TO LAST WELL. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Although wood pavements are exceedingly popular, they are only a partial success so far as durability is concerned, notwithstanding the ingenuity of constructors and the very substantial base upon which the blocks are laid. Now comes an inventor who claims that the wood is all right, but the method of laying all wrong, and he declares that if the former is split up into small 4-inch lengths and laid loosely, ends to ends, and a great deal of resin is used, the result will be much better. He has, it is reported, succeeded in convincing the Paris authorities that there is merit in his apparent madness, and a trial is being given to his plan